

The Truth Will Set You Free

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Summary: Fred and George pull a massive prank at Hogwarts and dose all the dining hall food with Veritaserum. Chaos and hilarity ensues.

The Truth Will Set You Free

****Me: Fred! George! Do the disclaimers!****

****Fred: Oi! She doesn't own me, my brother, or any of the Harry Potter characters.****

****George: Yeah, you think if she did, she'd be spending all day, everyday locked up in her room?****

****Me: Hey! That's not important.****

****Fred: Anyway, we belong to J.K. Rowling.****

****George: And the cover fan art innit hers either! It's by the lovely Clarkey-lou from Deviantart.****

****Fred: If it's yours and you'd like her to take it down, send us an owl!****

****Me: Thanks guys!****

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><p>Fred and George Weasley were quite excellent at potions. They may have barely shown up on time for classes and nearly flunked their O.W.L.s, but the truth is, they were more brilliant at magic than even their brother Percy. They just didn't feel the need to show off like he did.<p>

And so, it was with relative ease that the twins were able to brew a

strong batch of Veritaserum in the abandoned girl's bathroom at Hogwarts. It had taken a full month, but this was a relatively short time for one of their pranks in the making.

"Are you sure about this Fred? Shouldn't we make an antidote before we use it?" George asked. Not many people knew it, but he was slightly more apprehensive about his practical jokes than his brother. Fred on the other hand, was more brash and cunning. But again, only slightly.

"Come off it, George! There should be enough food that each student only receives a tiny bit of the potion. It'll only last an hour. We did the maths. What's the worst that can happen?" Fred asked. George grinned. He loved finding out the answer to that question.

So the dynamic duo snuck into the kitchen and sprinkled their potion into all of the food when the house elves were busy cleaning up. The two tall gingers giggled to themselves all the way to the dining hall, leaving no doubt in any student's mind that some serious shite was going to go down.

"Ready Fred?"

"Ready George!"

"One, two, THREE!" The two shouted together and threw open the large wooden doors to enter the great hall. They'd waited 15 minutes before going in to make sure the potion was in full effect by the time they arrived.

"Who should we talk to first?" George asked as he and his brother innocently strutted towards the Gryffindor table.

"You know who," Fred smirked. George furrowed his brows.

"You-Know-Who?"

"Not 'You-Know-Who!' I meant Harry and our brother. Gawd, blimey. And to think you call yourself my brother!"

George rolled his eyes.

"Belt up," he retorted before he sat down beside The Boy Who Lived, across from Fred who sat next to Ron.

"How are you fine gents doing this lovely evening?" Fred asked the two. Hermoine, Neville, and Ginny also sat around them.

"I think the black pudding tasted a bit funny," Hermoine piped up.

"Tea tasted strange too," Ron made a face.

"Hmm. We stuffed up, I think it's s'posed to be tasteless. Perhaps we'll fix that next time," George whispered to Fred.

"What?" Harry heard.

"Nothing. So what are you rascals up to?" Fred asked the group, his

eyes wide with mischief.

"Well, I was just telling everyone about this fascinating new concept we've been learning about in arithmancy," Hermione started.

"Hearing you talk about it gives me the most awkward erection," Ron said casually. Everyone looked at him, and he blushed bright crimson realizing what he just said.

"You!" He pointed an accusing finger at his brothers. "I knew you were up to something! What did you do?!"

"Us, ickle brother? We did nothing," Fred laughed with feigned innocence. Ron was flushing head to toe.

"Really, you haven't anything to be ashamed of, Ron. It's a completely normal male reaction. You're so tall too, so your penis is probably quite large," Hermione chatted and then immediately clamped her hands over her mouth. Ron looked ready to pass out.

"Oh no! What if I say something about my crush on Harry?!" Ginny exclaimed frightfully. "You cocksucking, wanking horsefuckers! You always pull this shite!" The little redhead shouted.

"Where'd you learn to talk like that?" George asked bewildered.

"Mum. She has quite a potty mouth when she thinks she's alone," Ginny shook angrily. "And I swear to Merlin, you better reverse this or I'll take a knife and cut off your-!"

"Calm down, Gin," Fred laughed. "It's all in good fun."

The noise level in the hall began to rise as everyone started pouring out their deepest, darkest secrets, and realize that something was very, very wrong.

"Ahem!" Dumbledore rose to the podium and silenced everyone. "There seems to be some shenanigans afoot," he said.

"No shit, Sherlock," Professor McGonagall huffed before turning a shade of pink.

"Yes," Dumbledore sighed. "Fortunately I, as well as Professor Snape, are unaffected as we are both practitioners of Occlumency. I suspect that the use of a powerful Veritaserum is involved, and that those responsible will be revealed shortly."

"Fred and George did it!" Hermione, Ron, Harry, Ginny, and the rest of the Gryffindor table called out.

"Sir!" Snape jumped to his feet. "This is a serious misuse of magic, highly illegal, and I'm sure that the ingredients used were stolen from my private shelves," Snape said, glaring at the twins. They shot him a guilty look. "I suggest that 200 points be taken from Gryffindor and the Weasley twins be expelled, effective immediately."

"That's because you're a grumpy, old twat with a stick up your arse," Professor Sprout hiccupped and sipped more red wine.

"Very well put, Pomona. I, too enjoy a good joke once in a while, so I'm going to let this slide and award 20 points to Gryffindor, because I feel like it," Dumbledore sat back down and put his feet up.

"I thought you weren't affected by the potion, sir," Madame Pomfrey said.

"Oh, I'm not," he assured her.

"Sir," Snape seethed. "Please. Some disciplinary action must be taken surely?"

Dumbledore sighed.

"Rotter," Professor Sprout muttered.

Dumbledore's eyes twinkled under his half-moon spectacles as he stood back up and addressed the hall.

"If you, and only if you, were the one to treat our meal tonight with Veritaserum, say 'aye,'" Dumbledore commanded. The entire hall was silent and Fred and George glanced at each other nervously.

"Well," Dumbledore clapped his hands. "Since we know that all the students must be telling the truth, and none of them said 'aye,' we probably will never find who did it," he said resignedly and sat back down, eating a stabbed piece of chicken with his fork. Snape choked.

"But sir! Of course no one revealed themselves! Why would the culprit give the Veritaserum to themselves?! No matter, it is quite obviously the work of those wretched Weasley twins," Snape explained exasperatedly and pointed at the ginger duo.

"Cor blimey! Sod off you greasy-haired bugger!" Seamus Finnegan accidentally let slip. He looked like a deer in the headlights as Snape glowered at him and the tables erupted in laughter. "Sorry, Professor! I can't 'elp it!"

"Indeed. 5 more points to Gryffindor for a sincere apology and for standing up for friendship." Dumbledore's eyes twinkled. Snape grumbled and growled under his breath. He plopped down on his seat and took a long swig from his goblet.

For the next half hour, secrets spread across the dining hall like wild fire.

"I have homoerotic dreams about Neville Longbottom!" Draco shouted out, turning pink.

"Every year at the start of the school I take a piss on the giant squid in the lake!" Colin Creevey admitted.

"I don't seem to be affected at all," Luna said dreamily. "I guess I always speak my mind."

"I was the one who shit in Professor Snape's cauldron. I'm so sorry,

Professor, but Malfoy was trolling the bathroom and I really had to go!" Neville flushed.

"5 points to Gryffindor," Professor McGonagall muttered.

"Cedric and I had a threesome with Moaning Myrtle in the girls' bathroom!" Cho Chang called out.

"So that's what they were doing," George turned to Fred, who reflected on finding the couple very embarrassed storming out of the bathroom when he and Fred had went in to brew their potion.

"Alright, go to bed! Go on! Fun's over!" Snape scowled and shooed all the students out of the great hall.

"Buckbeak was my lover," Hagrid said softly and burped once the only ones left in the hall were the teachers.

"Yes, yes, we all had a feeling," McGonagall patted his arm.

"Do you think we'll get a howler from mum?" George asked his twin as they meandered to Gryffindor common room to turn in for the evening.

"Most definitely."

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><p>Hope you enjoyed it! I enjoyed writing it! 5 points to whoever reviews! :D

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file.